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## SANZIO.

BY STUART STERNE, AUTHOR OF "ANGELO."

(Continued from page 137.)

Again the new young Spring,  
With happy, sunlit eyes and golden hair,  
With garlands crowned and scattering flowers before him,  
Had come into the world and filled the air  
With balmy odors, and from out his hand  
Let fly his singing birds to build their nests,  
And with his joyous voice and smile made glad  
Even the gray, old streets. And yet a cloud  
Hung darkly o'er the city, every heart  
Was grieved and heavy as with coming tears.  
For, as upon the wind's invisible wings,  
Had the sore news gone forth and swiftly spread, —  
Sanzio, the pride of all the land, beloved  
Of high and low, lay ill of some hot fever,  
So ill, that soon the wise men, hastily called  
To learned council, drew their shoulders up,  
And gravely shook their heads.

From morn till night

Were his familiar doors besieged by those  
Who asked with eager lips for latest news,  
And poor old Nina most unwillingly  
Must leave at last the care of her sweet boy  
To the good sister from the Hill, who came  
To tend and soothe and help, while she herself  
Answered the questioners, and suffered none  
To enter, save perchance a few old friends  
And first among them all 't was Baldassar,  
Who flew to Sanzio's side, and for an hour  
Sat chatting near him, with a cheerful brow,  
Concealing 'neath his wonted gaiety  
A heart that bled at sight of that dear face,  
So changed from what he knew it once.

"One thing, —

One thing before you go, my best of friends!"  
Said Sanzio as he rose to take his leave,  
"Send for my little sister, so," but marking  
That a faint smile passed o'er the other's lips  
And he drew up his eyebrows, he cried out  
In a deep voice quivering with earnestness,  
"Nay, Baldassar, pray you doubt it not!  
I swear to you even by my soul's salvation,  
And as I hope for everlasting life,  
She was no more to me than this! — though scarce, —  
Perchance if she, — if I, — yet let that pass,  
It matters little now, and sinks away  
As other earthly things! I tell you, friend,  
She is a flower of such fine exquisite mould,  
Of such divine simplicity and grace,  
Such sacred innocence and purity,  
Methinks the breath of passion stained and marred  
The heavenly fairness of her virgin heart,  
It were a pity and a sin" —

"Sanzio,"

Said Baldassar most gravely, "I believe,  
Surely believe you on your simple word,  
Without such solemn pledge! Eternal life  
Is what men call on in their dying hours" —

"Then is it time for me!" said Sanzio softly.  
But Baldassar, heeding not, went on,  
"And they, please God, are yet far off for you!"  
And then more lightly, "Aye, the hours when we  
Give up our sullied souls to some kind priest,

To purify and make them fit for heaven, —  
But you have yet full time enough!"

"That hour

Has come for me, friend!" Sanzio said again,  
Gentle yet firm. "Wherefore would you deceive me,  
E'en were that possible! I am not quite  
Unready nor unwilling to depart.  
But send for Benedetta, — I would see  
Her sweetest face once more! Send for her soon, —  
At once, — methinks I have not long to wait!"

"I will ride out to her this very eve,  
So with the early morn she may be here."

"Thanks, thanks, my Baldassar! And then, I pray,  
Nay, I beseech you, by the generous love  
You ever bore me, — by the undoubting faith  
Our friendship ever knew, — when I am gone  
Watch o'er her you, and have a care of her  
To whom the last love of my life was given!  
I have no friend but you to whose pure hands  
I venture to confide this priceless charge.  
This too you promise?"

"Aye, with all my heart!"

Yet no, my Sanzio! — You and I will yet  
Have many a long, glad ride across the hills!"

Sanzio shook his bowed head. "I nevermore  
Shall ride across the hills!" he said unfaltering,  
Yet with a shade of sadness in his voice,  
Though Baldassar would not be dismayed,  
And parted from him with a brave, bright smile.  
But when he closed the door and wandered off  
Down the long corridor, he suddenly paused  
With heavy feet, and covering up his face,  
His strong frame shaken by convulsive sobs,  
Cried out, "Great God, I fear he speaks the truth!"

The morning came, and with it Benedetta.  
As she sped breathless up the well-known stairs,  
She met a holy father, and in haste  
Received his benediction; then flew on  
To Sanzio's chamber.

He lay back, awake

But weary, on the cushions of his couch,  
Yet turned his head and mutely greeted her  
By a faint, happy smile.

Without a word  
She hastened to his side, sank on her knees,  
And clasped in hers, and kissed the burning hands  
That looked so white and fine. He suffered it,  
Still gazing down upon her tenderly,  
For one brief moment, then he gently drew  
One hand away to lay it on her head,  
And said in husky tones, —

"My Benedetta,

My blessed one! Oh you were wisely named!  
To me you were in truth a messenger  
Sent down from heaven, — the peace and hope and help  
Of a life brief in years but long in sin!  
Thou purest star that ever smiled on me,  
Thou sweetest dream of all my wayward days,  
My own, my sister, — more than friend or love, —  
Would I could tell thee in a single breath  
All thou hast been to me, — what deep content,  
What joy untold, I drank from the fresh spring  
Of thy dear love!"

And through the whole long day,

Though he spake little more, he fixed on her  
Eyes strangely radiant, yet so firm and calm,  
That Benedetta, full of trusting hope,  
Thought, surely, surely he will soon grow well!  
As many times she clasped her hands in prayer.  
But when she asked him once, he only said,  
"Love, that shall be as the dear Lord decrees, —  
He ordereth all, and ordereth all things well;  
His will be done!" And thus the anxious hours  
Crept slowly by.

(Conclusion in next number.)

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF PIANO-FORTE MUSIC, FROM BACH TO SCHUMANN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CARL VAN BRUYCK.

(Continued from page 139.)

HAVING thus briefly spoken of the Suite, the Partita, the Fugue, and the Variation, I have yet to say a few words about the Sonata and the Concerto, the consideration of which will lead us immediately to the next following art period.

As the name of that earlier form, the Suite, points to a French, so does that of the later Sonata point to an Italian, origin. In fact, the most prominent piano compositions we

possess by Italian masters of the Bach period, those of Domenico Scarlatti, are already entitled Sonatas, without bearing the least resemblance in their spirit, style, or whole form and structure, to that art form which since the Haydn-Mozart epoch has become the standard for the idea of the Sonata. They are in great part genial compositions (of only one movement), pervaded mostly by a fiery, nay, a bold and reckless, almost extravagant spirit, too often hurried away into nonsensical musical jokes; yet often, on the other hand, they show a very fine and tender feeling. They form, for that epoch, a striking, even an isolated and remarkable phenomenon, the like of which, at that time, had not come to light on German soil. By their individuality and by the artistic value they possess in single instances, they belong to the little which has kept itself in vogue out of the Italian art productions of this kind.

The name "Sonata" seems at its origin to have had no characteristic signification, but only to have been invented in order, generally, and without designating thereby any precise form, to distinguish instrumental from vocal music. Thus, for example, even with Bach we find very short (though most masterly) compositions — of which I shall speak hereafter — entitled "Symphonies." And so, too, we meet with a not inconsiderable number of Bach's works — important ones — which he has superscribed as Sonatas: six for piano and violin (which might well take the highest place among all), the same number for the violin and the violoncello alone (the first in the highest degree remarkable), several for the organ, also for the flute and viola-digamba with piano. But even these Sonatas, although of several movements, distinguish themselves from the Suite only through the smaller number of movements (two Allegros and an Adagio), and through their on the whole more earnest and severe style, while in them the polyphonic, mostly the fugued style, predominates, and the lighter dance form seems to have departed. But in their structure these Sonatas, too, are wholly different from the later art form, while their several movements all have, as in the Suite, the same key.

Of Bach's Concertos, of which we possess some for the piano, as well as for other instruments, — among them the most powerful, at any rate the best known, is perhaps the one in D minor, — we need but repeat in general what has been expressed already.

Hence it only now remains to mention a series of thirty little piano compositions, which Bach has left us under the title of "Inventions" and of "Symphonies," since Bach probably wrote them for the definite end of serving for the instruction of his pupils, as even the aforementioned six Partitas, which in their fully free and purely artistic mould betray not the slightest intention of any use in school, are included under the extremely modest general title of "Pianoforte Practice." Of that series of compositions, the so-called "Inventions" are written purely in two, the "Symphonies" in three parts, mostly in contrapuntal, even fugued, style; the latter particularly (perhaps called "Symphonies" on account of their richer fullness of sound) are true cabinet pieces of fine, soulful work, in-

spired by all the Muses and the Graces. I simply mention them because they, together with the Partitas and a Concerto known as the "Italian," which contains a most remarkable and wonderful Adagio, to which I shall return again, seem to have been written by Bach with the same express purpose with which later authors have composed their *Etudes*, which, for the most part, wear their pedagogical design quite unmistakably upon their forehead, and in many cases have no further artistic significance.

It is well known that Sebastian Bach, who, taken all in all, so far as the purely musical faculty of form, especially of combination, is concerned (though by no means in this direction alone!), may be called the mightiest tone-master of all times, properly concludes the epoch of the so-called strict, contrapuntal style, which also in Italy was already, in the seventeenth century, approaching its dissolution, and concludes it in the grandest way conceivable. Music, under the influence of the new mental and moral direction of the times, as we have before remarked, was stepping more and more out of the service of the church, and in so far as it still remained within it was losing more and more that lofty earnestness, that serious sentiment, with which the earlier masters were inspired. At the same time the fondness for the play of tone combinations, as such, exhausted itself; and composers strove for greater freedom both of form and movement. Bach himself, with his high, profoundly earnest striving, filled with the very soul of art and of humanity, stood there in his time and upon German ground entirely isolated. Nor, with all the lofty fame which certainly surrounded him during his life, did he by any means acquire the popularity which other composers, far inferior to him, although remarkable, like Telemann and the opera composer Hasse, won. On the whole, we may designate the truly German (*ur-deutsche*) art of Bach as the highest triumph of the Christian spirit, which lived in this exalted genius in all its purity and deep inward beauty.

It is an interesting fact that one of Bach's immediate offspring, one of his numerous sons, all destined and educated by him for art, Philip Emanuel Bach, had a great influence on the change of form which music, particularly instrumental and piano-forte music, underwent. It seems to us, indeed, as if more of the powerful spirit of the great father were transmitted to another of these sons, the unfortunate Friedemann (who was by no means a "Friedensmann," or man of peace), than to the thoroughly gentle, and, so far as I can judge, rather weak Emanuel, — at least, in comparison with the rock-splitting, fiery spirit of Sebastian. Of Friedemann we possess, among other things, some exceedingly attractive, deep-souled so-called "Polonaises;" but under this name we must in no sense think of such music as we know in Chopin's Polonaises. But Emanuel, being of a firmer and more balanced character than his erratic brother, reached a purer ethical, as well as artistical, completeness in himself. While, with happy talent, he struck into a new direction, of which the elements, to be sure, lay all prepared before him (largely through Kuhnau, the predecessor of

Sebastian Bach in the Thomas School at Leipzig), he became of great importance to the further development of art, particularly by the fact that through his efforts the youthful genius of Haydn was first inspired. Following the path which he had opened, Haydn developed into the great artist that he was; so that he can be designated as the "father" of the new art period, which embraced, besides himself, Mozart and Beethoven as its chief representatives; although Haydn himself, in his amiable way, so full of filial piety, used to say in his later years, "He [Emanuel] is the father, and we are the — boys." He would not pass himself off for the Emanuel, or Immanuel, of the new art, but claimed this title for the other.

In fact, the amiable "Sonatas" of Emanuel Bach, even to this day valued and respected, in spite of their rococo character, approach essentially the form now in vogue, although this reached its last formal development through Haydn; and then, first through Haydn himself, but finally through Beethoven, the form was filled with an ever higher, freer, and more mighty spirit.

As in the seventeenth century the "Suite," so in the eighteenth the "Sonata," became the reigning larger art form in instrumental music, and in piano-forte music especially. I do not enter here into a description or a characterization of it, because it is generally well known; it is described at length in numerous theoretical works and treatises (for example, in Dommer's "Musical Lexicon"), and it is not difficult to deduce its characteristics through analysis of actual specimens. Only so much must I here remark: that in this new art form strict contrapuntal work retreats more into the background, and free melodic invention comes more to the front; that the polyphonic gives way to the homophonic style, the contrapuntal to the harmonic treatment; and that the great law of contrast comes in play not only in the working out and richer modulation of the single movements, of which the Sonata commonly counts four, but also in the alternation of keys (of course related ones). Thus greater freedom and a much wider field are given to imagination, to the plastic faculty; and now soul and feeling, which also demand expression in tones, as well as the more intellectual ideal life, no longer held in check within the narrow limits of the earlier art, can resound and vibrate with full power. The forms as a whole become wider and broader, in detail softer, more flexible, more beautiful; the spirit that pervades the tone-pictures takes an ever freer, bolder flight. In the highest productions of this new art, the purely musical working or shaping is scarcely noticed or considered, although it is not less great, nor has it changed its nature, and it still remains the main thing, at all events the foundation; for now the forms have become altogether an expression of the soul's life, whereas before they claimed validity too much upon their own account. Upon the whole, therefore, in spite of the special excellences which are peculiar to other earlier, more restricted forms, especially the fugue, the Sonata seems to be the highest, richest, ripest art form which instrumental music so far has developed. And it shows itself in its full splendor in the

works of BEETHOVEN, who first, with titanic power, carried on to the end the grand new ar-creation which Haydn had begun. But the reader must bear in mind that, when we speak of Beethoven's Sonata creations, we think first, to be sure, of his piano-forte Sonatas, but that all his Duos, Trios, and Quatuors, even to the Symphonies, belong to the same art kind, inasmuch as their formal build is thoroughly alike in fundamental outlines, and only the different material for which the artist works requires certain special peculiarities of style; so that, for example, a Quartet for string (or bow) instruments, or an orchestral Symphony, will always show, *ceteris paribus*, a richer, stricter polyphony than a solo piano-forte Sonata. Now this Sonata, from that of the piano solo to the Concerto and the Symphony, formed for about a century the focus of the whole activity of art on the domain of instrumental music; and decidedly its greatest representative was Beethoven, about whom the other eminent masters in this kind of art stand naturally grouped.

(To be continued.)

#### ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

SULLIVAN was born in 1844 in London, and inherited his musical taste from his father, who was a teacher of music in Kneller Hall, a training school for band-masters in the army. His precocity may be judged by the fact that when only three years old he was a singer in the Royal Chapel, and at fourteen received the Mendelssohn medal, being the first to be thus honored. He was at first taught by his father, and afterward pursued his studies at the Royal Academy under John Gloss and Sterndale Bennett, and at the Leipsic Conservatory under Rietz, Hauptmann, and Moscheles. The latter took a great fancy to him, and pronounced him "a lad of great promise," and one who he was "sure would do credit to England." When seventeen years old his music (Op. 1) to Shakespeare's "Tempest," performed at a trial concert, created quite a sensation, and much delighted Prof. Moscheles, who saw in the work good promise of the fruit of his predictions. In 1862 his "Enchanted Isle" was brought out at Covent Garden, and was received with much favor. His cantata of "Kenilworth" was given at the Birmingham Festival in 1864, and in 1865 a "Te Deum" of his was given to the public. About this time a number of excellent songs and an anthem were published; also a few piano solos, one of which was performed by Mme. Schiller in Boston, in 1874. In 1869 his "Prodigal Son" was performed in Worcester, England, and a selection from it has often been sung in concert by Mr. John F. Winch. "On Shore and Sea" was written for and produced at the International Exhibition, London, 1871, and was sung in Chicago, in 1877, at an Apollo club concert. The "Light of the World" was brought out in Birmingham in 1873, and the Pastoral Symphony and Overture of it have been given in America. His "Miller and his Men" was composed in 1874. He has written many duets and part-songs for male voices, and his compositions of this class are great favorites with concert people everywhere. Of his published works, we



refer last to his dramatic compositions, which all belong to the school of comic opera. We believe they are all included under the titles of "Thespis," "Il Contrabbandista," "Sorcerer," "Box and Cox," "Trial by Jury," and, "H. M. S. Pinafore." The last three are well known, "Box and Cox" being often heard, and "Trial by Jury" has become a general favorite, certainly in this country, having been performed at numerous theatres since it was first given here at the Globe, in 1876, by the Soldene Troupe. In the recent performance of his "In Memoriam" overture by the Paris Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, Mr. Sullivan has received a compliment which is said to be the first of the kind ever accorded to a living Englishman by this national institution. The work gave entire satisfaction. "H. M. S. Pinafore" has been more instrumental than all the others in making his name known to the whole world. In fact a sort of lunacy seems to have taken possession of the public in its admiration of this sprightly work. Mr. Sullivan holds two honorable and responsible positions in England: that of Principal of the National School of Music at South Kensington, and Professorship of Harmony at the Royal Academy of Music. He is a Doctor of Music by virtue of a degree of the Cambridge University, and is highly esteemed, not only as a successful composer, but as a friend and companion. In disposition and character, he is said to be of the most genial and generous kind. We have a somewhat positive assurance that he will visit America in October, and should he do so, he may expect such a welcome from all his "sisters and his cousins and his aunts" on this side the salt pond as is — hardly ever — accorded to any but our most distinguished visitors. — *Kunkel's Musical Review.*

#### MUSICAL CLUBS OF HARVARD: THE PIERIAN SODALITY.

[From The Harvard Book, 1875.]

THE musical clubs of Harvard, although they may contribute nothing to the history of music, have always formed a pleasant element in the college social atmosphere, and, on the whole, however frivolous at times, have had a really refining influence among the students. Their record, could it be fully written, would be full of interest. But that is by no means an easy task, nor do the materials for such a narrative, save to a very limited extent, exist. It would be useless to attempt, in this brief space, anything more than a very general sketch.

There doubtless had been musical clubs in college at various times before the most enduring one, the Pierian Sodality, was founded. Evidence of one, at least, we find in a curious little book containing "The Accompts of the Treasurer of the Singing Club of Harvard College," begun November 9, 1786, and continued to May, 1803. How much earlier or later this club may have flourished, we have no means of knowing. The little, oblong, leather-bound, well-worn, and yellowed volume, in shape resembling a common psalm-tune book of pocket size, shows from year to year the dues and payments of the several members, all set down in shillings and pence, — pounds seldom figuring, — until the Federal currency comes in, in 1797. From such entries as these, — "3 vols. Worcester Collection, 4th ed., 15 shillings;" "Holden's Music, 8 shillings;"

"Harmonia Sacra;" "Harmonia Americana;" "Law's small Collection," etc., — it is clear that the Singing Club mainly, if not exclusively, courted the muse of old New England psalmody; while several mentions of incredibly small sums (£2, or so) spent for a bass-viol, and frequent pence and shillings for strings and bows, intimate that the vocal *consensus* was not altogether without instrumental accompaniment. The writer well remembers one of those old 'cellos standing in the corner under the paternal roof, where it was still cherished in his boyhood's years. Some honored names appear in this old record: in 1786, for instance, President Kirkland, Judge Samuel Putnam; in 1799, Leverett Saltonstall, etc., etc.

Of clubs or bands for instrumental, or "pure," music, we know of none earlier than the most famous and long-lived among them, which still flourishes, The Pierian Sodality, founded in 1808. The secretary's records for the first twenty-four years of its checkered experiences have strangely disappeared. For all that period our only sources of information (though doubtless one who could devote himself with singleness of purpose and with one-ided persistence and zeal to such a task, might gather quite a mass of pleasant reminiscences from veteran survivors) are an old MS. volume of music, dating back to the foundation, and a printed catalogue of officers and members down to the class of 1850. From this last it appears that the "founders" were Alpheus Bigelow, Benjamin D. Bartlett, Joseph Eaton, John Gardner and Frederic Kinloch, all of the class of 1810, and all long since enrolled among the *Stelligeri*, as well as their associates of that and several succeeding classes, with the single exception of Nathaniel Deering (oldest surviving Pierian), who still lives in Portland, Me. Among Pierians of 1811 we find the names of Thomas G. Cary, William Powell Mason, and the Rev. Samuel Gilman, author of "Fair Harvard;" of 1812, the Rev. Dr. Henry Ware and Bishop Wainwright; of 1816, William Ware (author of the "Palmyra Letters," "Zenobia," etc.); of 1817, George B. Emerson and General H. K. Oliver, the latter still among the most active and enthusiastic spirits in the musical life of Eastern Massachusetts. But we forbear to single out more names from the rich catalogue.

The writer's personal recollection of the club begins with the year 1827-28. What it had been socially, as a *sodality*, down to that time, appears most creditably from a perusal of the catalogue of names. What it was musically is for the most part matter of conjecture. Probably it varied in form and color, as in degrees of excellence, from year to year; your musical undergraduate is but a bird of passage. The old book of copied music, however, appears to contain the club's essential *répertoire* (at least fair samples of it) from the year 1808 to 1822. A long string of once popular marches comes first (Swiss Guards', Valentine's, Grand Slow March in C, Massachusetts, Dirge in the Oratory (*sic*) of Saul, Cadets' March, March in the Overture of Lodoiska, Buonaparte's March, etc., etc.). These are all written out in regular orchestral score for *Primo* and *Secondo* (doubtless violins), *Oboe*, *Corn*, *primo* and *secondo*, *Tenor*, and *Bassoon*. Some of these scores, however, show above the first and second violins another "primo" and "secondo" (perhaps flutes). Evidently the little band originally took a more orchestral form (with violins) than it had afterwards for many years in the long fluting and serenading, — what we may call the middle — period of the Pierian career. We find also Rondos by Haydn and Pleyel, interspersed among more marches; the Downfall of Paris; waltzes; a Divertimento by Pleyel, with pairs of flutes and clarinets, besides the strings; a

portion of Handel's Water Music; airs, like Robin Adair, Yellow-Haired Laddie, Fleuve du Tage, Aria in the Brazen Mask, etc. (These, of the more sentimental kind, occur more frequently as we come further down; doubtless the tender melodies were mingled with many a student's finer dreams — and many a maiden's.) The name of the copyist — possibly in some cases he was also the arranger — is affixed to each piece. Some of these copyists survive, and could, we doubt not, tell us more of the musical complexion and accomplishment of the Pierians of their day.

When the Sodality began to play at college exhibitions, or when the flutes came in, and, with those soft, persuasive instruments, of course the serenading, we are not informed. Both practices were fully in vogue when we first heard the Pierians, in 1827-28 (the days of E. S. Dixwell, and of Winthrop, and the late lamented F. C. Loring), and were kept up, with occasional short interruptions, for many a year afterwards. Shall we forget the scene of Exhibition Day, when the Latin School boy, on the eve of entering college, eager to catch a glimpse beforehand of the promised land, went out to University Hall, and for the first time heard and *saw*, up there in the side (north) gallery, the little group of Pierians, with their ribbons and their medals, and their shining instruments, among them that protruding, long, and lengthening monster, the trombone, wielded with an air of gravity and dignity by one who now ranks among our most distinguished scholars, orators, and statesmen? Had any strains of band or orchestra ever sounded quite so sweet to the expectant Freshman's ears as those? And was not he, too, captivated and converted to the gospel of the college flute, as the transcendent and most eloquent of instruments? Nevertheless within a year or two he chose the reedy clarinet, wherewith to lead a little preparatory club, — the purgatory which half-fledged musicians of his own ilk had to pass through before they could be candidates for the Pierian paradise. This was called the Arionic Society, and if its utmost skill was discord, the struggle of its members for promotion into the higher order was persistent. We think it was founded some years later than the Sodality, for which it was in some sense the noisy nursery; how long it lasted we know not. The Sodality in our day (1830-32), under the presidency of accomplished flutists (Isaac Appleton Jewett, Boott, and Gorham), was comparatively rich in instruments; besides the flutes (first, second, third, and several of each) we had the clarinet, a pair of French horns, violoncello, and part of the time a nondescript bass horn. But with the graduation of the class of 1832 the band was suddenly reduced to a single member, who held all the offices and faithfully performed the duties, meeting and practicing (his flute parts) on the stated evenings, and so keeping the frail deserted shell above the waves, until one by one a little crew had joined him. On such a slender thread did the existence of the proud Sodality once hang! Perhaps more than once, before and since.

Plainly, the club was not at all times in a condition to respond at exhibitions to the *expectatur musica* of the venerable Præses. But the records, from 1832 down, show that to bring themselves into fit condition for that service, and thereby shine in the good graces of the fair ones, as well as of their fellow-students, on that day assembled, was all the time the highest mark of their ambition; and oftentimes they borrowed aid from ex-Pierians, or amateur musicians from without, to eke out the harmony and help them through the task. For the same cause the serenading joys and glories were in like manner intermittent; there was now and then a season when the sum-

mer nights of Cambridge and vicinity were as full of melodies as Prospero's island.

We are saved the necessity of entering into any details of these things by the reminiscences of a Pierian of the class of 1839, which furnish a vivid inside view of the Pierian life during his time. We append it as a representative description equally good for any time in twenty years or more.

In July, 1837, several ex-Pierians passed a pleasant social hour with the actual members of the club after an exhibition. It was at a room in Holworthy, and then and there was the first suggestion made, and the first steps were taken, for the formation of the Harvard Musical Association, which, for a few years, was composed of past and present members of the Sodality; but afterwards the connection was dissolved, and the Association has carried on its separate life in Boston, replenishing its membership from year to year, however, principally from the graduate Pierians. The Harvard Musical Association has always had among its chief objects to promote musical culture in the University; and it is in great measure due to its appeals and influence that the college has, for fifteen years or more, employed a learned and accomplished musical instructor, on whom it has only during this last year conferred the rank of Assistant Professor (now Professor) of Music.

So much of what we have called the middle period of the Pierian history, — the fluting, serenading, exhibition-playing period. We may remark, however, that music has its shifting fashions, and that there was a time (about the year 1844) when a new sentimental brazen siren, under the various forms of cornet-a-piston, post-horn, etc., possessed the fancy of the college amateur, and was in vogue for some years, like the flute, between which and the heroic trumpet it was a sort of ambiguous cross; but it has had its day as the "instrument for gentlemen." Perhaps it was the germ that culminated in the great monster "Jubilee" of Gilmore!

With the year 1857-58 we may consider the third and present period to have begun. This was the time when violins were reinstated in the place of honor, and when the band was led by players of the violin, among whom was young Robert G. Shaw, heroic martyr of the late war; there was also Crowninshield's cello, a double-bass, and a piano-forte to fill out the harmony. Since then the tendency of the club has been more and more toward the character and the proportions of a *bonâ fide* orchestra. And, naturally, the classic instrument ("fiddle" no longer) brought in with it intermittent aspirations for a higher kind of music, though the chief occupation of the club has always been with music light and popular, and of the day. Thus in the record of a meeting in May, 1859, we read as follows: "We had obtained from the library of the Harvard Musical Association of Boston (an aftergrowth of the Pierian Sodality) copies of twelve of Haydn's Grand Symphonies, arranged for piano, two violins, cello, and flute; and, after our regular pieces for full orchestra, we proceeded to try these, and became so infatuated by their harmony that we continued playing until one o'clock in the morning."

We believe serenading soon went out altogether; and in the place thereof, the brave little band began to feel its strength sufficiently to venture (with the Glee Club) upon the giving of concerts in Lyceum Hall to crowded audiences of their invited friends; and from that day to this the practice has been continued; more than once have Boston and the neighboring larger towns enjoyed the favor of such concerts.

This period has been also marked by the suspension of the college exhibitions; for a num-

ber of years the field of glory has no longer fascinated the young college amateur's imagination. For outward motive there remains to the Pierians the concerts, and for an inward and abiding spring (may we not hope?) a sincere zeal for music, and in a somewhat higher sense than heretofore. Probably the band was never in so good a condition, musically, as it was last spring, when it numbered two first and two second violins, one or two violas, two cellos, and a double-bass, besides flutes (reduced to the orthodox pair), a clarinet, a trumpet (if we remember rightly), and serviceable hands at the piano in the background.

Their performance, at a concert with the Harvard Glee Club, under their energetic conductor of the year before, now a member of the Law School, was said to be "in point of spirit and precision creditable, although it will cost more experience to keep the wind in exact tune with the strings." Already they have gone so far as to try their powers upon a Haydn Symphony, a Mozart Overture, etc., and with encouraging results; and possibly we have here the germ of what may one day be a proper college orchestra. J. S. D.

(To be continued.)

### THE ORIGIN OF ENGLISH OPERA.

JOHN GAY AND HIS "BEGGAR'S OPERA," THE FORERUNNER OF "PINAFORE."

[From the Springfield Republican.]

THE unexpected and very great success of "Pinafore" is not unprecedented in the history of English opera. The first work of the kind, "The Beggar's Opera," was also a happy combination of wit, melody, and satire, that hit the fancy of mankind and set them to laughing and humming.

This was one hundred and fifty years ago. Walpole, Chesterfield, Pope, Swift, Congreve, Cibber, and others were the great names of the day. Addison was but lately dead, and his brother essayist, Steele, was stricken with paralysis; the second "snuffy drone from the German hive" had just come to the throne, a disreputable, ignorant, passionate Hanoverian; Parliament was corrupt, and Walpole, for a quarter of a century prime minister, "judged human nature so meanly that one is ashamed to own that he was right;" but under this dissolute, boozing, card-playing government there was peace, plenty, and the three per cents nearly at par. England, torn for half a century by questions of loyalty (how history repeats itself), prerogative, church, religious freedom, and whatever cries of stalwart partisanship, was settling into peace, ease, and freedom. Walpole made no pretension to morality, public or private, but he knew that prosperity repressed the rage of faction; he sought no glory abroad, but by moderation and lenity he promoted the happiness of the people at home.

It was the "Merrie England" of song and story. London had not then, like a great wen, as Thackeray says, drawn all the blood from country life. Gentlemen lived on their own estates, rarely going to town, hated foreigners, and indulged in hearty sports and simple amusements. Travelling was not easy, for the roads were quagmires the greater part of the year, in that oozy climate, and the lonely heaths were infested by bold highwaymen who "took to the road" when fortune frowned at the gaming table; but there was sport enough at home, every large town had its assemblies, race-meetings, cocking mains, and every hamlet its games. There was much sound of junketing and fiddling all over the land; a coarse, hard-riding, loud-bawling people are pretty good drinkers; the opinions of the time are well expressed in a stanza of a song that was sung in the comedy of "The Provoked Wife":—

"What a pother of late  
Have they kept in the state,  
About setting our consciences free!  
A bottle has more  
Dispensations in store  
Than the king and the state can decree."

The court of the first George had been inclined to much junketing, gaming, and riot. The King brought over a train of Germans, male and female, who were determined to get all they could while the game lasted. Italian opera, that had crept in during the reign of Anne, was much patronized. The Prince of Wales, who hated his father almost as much as he afterward detested his own son, like many other inharmonious, quarrelsome people, was devoted to music, and subscribed handsomely to the opera; in this he was followed by people of fashion and by the travelled aristocracy; but the general body of playgoers hated the foreign innovation; it was not only the constant subject of the ridicule of wits and jesters, but it was also denounced in the gravest manner by various censors of the public morals.

John Gay, poet and wit, patronized by the powerful duke and duchess of Queensberry, had written charming verses, and some successful "pastorals," idyls of the bucolic sort, in which imaginary shepherd lads and lasses disported themselves as they seem to be doing in china mantel-piece ornaments. Gay was one of the men that are fortunate in being much beloved; I imagine that he had a sympathetic feeling for others and did not spend his time in talking about himself and his own affairs. Cold, self-engrossed men grow rich oftentimes, wear purple and fine linen, but they are not loved and petted as John Gay was. Among his other conquests he had found a soft spot in the cynical, bitter heart of Dean Swift, who, with his usual contempt and scorn of human nature, suggested to Gay that he should write a "pastoral," introducing highwaymen, thieves, informers, and such other rogues as made the population of Newgate prison. Gay took the idea readily and wrote a comedy with songs; unlike the Italian opera it had no recitative, but it was the exact form in which English opera has remained to this day, a combination of singing and speaking; what might more properly have been called at first, ballad comedy.

The production was intended to satirize Italian opera, and it is rather a funny coincidence that the class of people who speak of Sir Joseph Porter as "the Admiral," say that "Pinafore" was written to ridicule Italian Opera. Gay's satire is mostly in the name of the production, "The Beggar's Opera," and in the prologue, spoken by a beggar, which contains a very stupid story of its origin. There was, however, pointed and clever satire upon the ministers of the crown and politicians in general, and the whole thing is a more terrific exposition of the administration of criminal law than Gay intended, or than his audience could understand. Gay's friends were deeply interested in the work and gave him their assistance; Dean Swift wrote the song,—

"When you censure the age;"

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams contributed,—

"Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre;"

The great Lord Chesterfield wrote the song Macheath sings to the air "Lillibullero,"—"The Modes of the Court," while Fortescue, the master of the rolls, wrote the precious production,—

"Gamsters and lawyers are jugglers alike."

Dr. Pepusch composed an overture that is good music and set the many songs to popular airs. When all was done, cold water began to come—Dean Swift shook his head about it; Cibber, manager of Drury Lane, refused to produce it;



Congreve, who was crowned with the lays of a literary success never surpassed, oracularly declared that the piece would succeed greatly or be confoundingly damned. Failing to get inside the charmed circle of Drury Lane, they were compelled to go to Rich, the manager of Lincoln's Inn Fields, the house then celebrated for pantomime, in which Rich excelled as "Harlequin;" this manager is immortalized in Pope's "Dunciad" as one of the ministers of Dullness, —

"Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease,  
Midst snows of paper and fierce hail of peas,  
And, proud his mistress' order to perform,  
Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm."

Rich was, like most of the theatrical managers of our times, a vulgar, ignorant showman, ready for anything, and he took up Gay's work because it was powerfully supported. Lincoln's Inn Fields was one of the "Patent" theatres, and enjoyed equal privileges with Drury Lane; it had a fine company of actors, at the head of which was Quin.

At that time to be an actor meant more than it means now. Players were not divided into tragedians, comedians, eccentrics, etc.; there were no "one part" men who, making special studies of idiocy, drunkenness, or what not, wandered about year after year until their performances became as dry and perfunctory as those of Sothorn or Jefferson; there were no tramping tragedians, patronizing Shakespeare by reciting half a dozen "rôles," until they become hard, cold, and vacant as the benches which the public refuse to fill. The actors of the last century have left a record of scholarship, wit, and accomplishment that we do not parallel. They acted before the same audiences for years, continually studying new parts and east in a wide range of tragedy, comedy, and farce. If we believe their written lives, the history of literature, and the more trivial records of gossip and letters, they filled an important place in social life, and when Garrick died, the gravest and greatest literary authority declared that in the event "the gayety of nations was eclipsed."

Quin was the head of Rich's company, and though easily the second best tragedian of the day, he filled all important parts of comedy, and it was not strange that he should be cast for Captain Macheath. When the first copies of *Pinafore* came to this country there was not a theatrical company in America that could produce it except that of the Boston Museum. I record this to the honor of that management. It was there cast, sung, and acted, without an addition to the company, and the performance was the very best, take it all in all, that the public saw. Mr. Wilson's performance of Sir Joseph was perfect in conception and rendering, and the other performers "acted up" to him. When the piece became a success other managers "faked it up" by taking on people from burlesque troupes, minstrels, church-singers, and a heterogeneous lot that could sing but not act, or act but not sing, so that no performance anywhere equaled that at the Museum. Does not this show that the management and company of the Boston Museum is for general theatrical purposes the very best in America? It certainly proves it to me. But we will leave the last opera and glide back through the many years to the scenes that heralded the birth of the first.

We left Gay and the actors rehearsing the opera, all doubtful and prophetic of evil. Quin disliked his part; one morning a sweet, fresh voice behind the scene was heard trolling easily the music of Macheath. Quin remarked: "There is a man, Mr. Gay, can do you more justice than I can," and forthwith called in a manly, handsome fellow whom he presented as Tom Walker, an actor whose name is on the scroll of fame

connected with the success of Macheath. Other changes were made, but it was not until the last rehearsal that it was resolved to accompany the songs with the music of "the band," as the orchestra was then called, and as it should now be called.

Probably a curtain never rose on a more uncertain houseful than when the scene of *The Beggar's Opera* was revealed and Hipsley, as Peachum, opened with a song, —

"Through all the employments of life  
Each neighbor abuses his brother."

The audience remained cold and silent until the grand chorus at the end of the second act, "Let us take to the road," which was taken, scene and music, from the opera of *Rinaldo*, with accompaniment of drums and trumpets. At this the hitherto stolid audience burst into applause that soon became general, and the success of English opera was secured. Among the audience were Pope, the Duke of Argyle, Sir Robert Walpole, and his rival in the king's ministry, Lord Townshend; it was generally thought that the quarrel scene between Peachum and Lockitt, in the play, referred to a row in the ministry between these two statesmen, which went so far that they drew their swords.

It has always seemed strange to me that the success of this play and the remarkable event that it really was make so small a feature in the literature of the time. It is mentioned in Swift's letters (who happened to be in Ireland upon its production), and in the notes to the "Dunciad." Cibber's "apology" for his life, the most complete dramatic history ever written, and one of the most entertaining books, says little about it; probably because Cibber was mortified that he had refused it at his theatre. Dibdin's comprehensive "History of the Stage," does not recognize that it was the invention of a new and brilliant entertainment, and Doran in his famous "Annals" is equally obtuse. Victor's Register makes slight mention of it, and Thackeray, in his lecture upon Prior, Gay, and Pope, scarcely alludes to it. None of these writers looked upon it as important that a new form of entertainment had been invented, because until the production of *Pinafore*, English opera has not been important, nor is there a work of the kind between *The Beggar's Opera* and *Pinafore* except Sheridan's opera of *The Duenna*, that is of consequence.

It happened fortunately that Macklin was present at the first performance; he had also witnessed the rehearsals, he lived seventy years after it, seeing two centuries and almost touching the third (he was born in 1699 and died in 1797); and he is the source of most of the information that we have about the first performance. The success after the first night was unbounded, the town was wild about it; it was acted all over Great Britain, and like *Pinafore* was sung by amateurs and children. I have before me, in a copy of 1728, a cast of "Lilliputians" (Swift was then at the height of his fame), in which the various parts of thieves, highwaymen, prostitutes, etc., that compose the dramatis personæ are taken by young misses! Italian opera, that had borne all down before it, was silenced; the shameless songs of *The Beggar's Opera* were in all mouths, printed on fans, and the scenes represented upon screens and chintzes.

But the world was not all of a mind; there were sober, decent people like Arbuthnot, the archbishop of Canterbury, and others, who denounced its cynical spirit and coarse brutality. Sir John Fielding declared it was a school for highwaymen, and that the number of them rapidly increased. But the public laughed and vowed that the success had "made Gay rich and Rich gay." On the seventy-second night of the

performance, Rich, at the wing, noticed that Walker, as Macheath, was imperfect in his part, and as he came off attacked him: "Sir, I should think your memory ought to be good by this time." "Zounds sir!" cried Tom, "do you expect my memory to last forever!"

The great luck of the performance fell to Miss Fenton, the beautiful Polly; the Duke of Bolton fell in love with her, and in Swift's letters the blessed dean writes: "The Duke of Bolton hath run away with Polly Peachum, having settled four hundred a year upon her during pleasure and two hundred upon disagreement," but disagreement never came, for she lived with the duke twenty-three years, when, the Duchess of Bolton dying, he had the good sense to marry his faithful and beloved mistress, who had borne him several ante-nuptial children. She was a beautiful woman, a fine actress, and a sweet singer; in one of Dr. Warton's notes subjoined to a letter from Dean Swift to Gay, he says she had wit, good sense, a just taste in literature, and was much admired by the first men of the age.

Of course with the changes of manners and customs, *The Beggar's Opera* has become merely a curiosity; it was the origin of English opera, and it gives us a very clear view of the brutality, coarseness, and indecency of manners in the first half of the last century. No audience of our time could endure a single scene of it as it was originally written, yet we coolly look upon scenes that our ancestors would have hooted from the stage: "Autres temps, autres mœurs," — that is all. The plot and story would now be insufferably dull. We have no interest in highwaymen; the people who get away with our money are an unromantic, plodding set whom we trust in a fiduciary capacity.

After Gay's triumph he was more loved and petted than ever, for he was then not only amiable and clever but successful and rich. He was self-indulgent and a great eater. Congreve in a letter to Pope says: "As the French philosopher used to prove his existence by, 'I think, therefore I am,' the greatest proof of Gay's existence is, he eats, therefore he is." But ease, eating, drinking, and much petting made an end to John Gay. Few men have been so mourned as he was; for though he wrote *The Beggar's Opera* and "Trivia," he had also written the charming ballads of "T was when the seas were roaring," "Black-Eyed Susan," and many other sweet and tender things that had the touch of nature in them. They buried him in the abbey, where England has gathered her illustrious dead, and his ashes mingle with those of kings and heroes. On the stone that marks the spot are graven the worst lines he ever wrote: —

"Life is a jest, and all things show it,  
I thought so once, but now I know it."

WILDAIR.

## TALKS ON ART. — SECOND SERIES.<sup>1</sup>

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

### XIII.

IN this country it is seldom that we get an artist's best work, because the critics growl so. People will never get their money's worth until they take things for what they are intended.

You will all find among your acquaintances a class of people who consider themselves of vital importance, and whose lives have never proved them to be of any utility to anybody. They are always foremost in their remarks to decry this and to discourage that. You must judge such

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1879, by Helen M. Knowlton.

people's opinions according to the amount of love which they have shown to humanity.

No one who has not devoted his life and soul to the pursuit of art can feel the same exultation in its brightest ornaments and loftiest triumphs that an artist does. "*Where the treasure is, there the heart is also.*"

In all our criticisms of art very little attention seems to be paid to what I should call Wit in Painting. I mean the effect produced by rapid, electrical work. When Stuart Newton was invited by an English gentleman to see his collection of pictures, and did not seem much pleased with them, the owner said, "Mr. Newton, at any rate it is a *tolerable* collection?" Stuart Newton replied, "How do you like a tolerable egg?" The argument of a day would not contain the pith of these few words.

By the same process in painting, three lines made by capacity, with conviction, will sometimes produce more effect than a year's painstaking tinkering. Labor is not necessarily effective. It is like damp powder, which kindles slowly, conscientiously, and surely, one grain at a time.

It is the suddenness of the explosion of powder which gives the irresistible power to the cannon-ball. Most men's work is like damp powder, and burns one grain at a time. There is a great smoke and a great smell, and the rock is not blasted.

It bores some people to think that any one can work except through their own long processes; and nothing so irritates a community as to witness rapid success.

Do your own work in your own way. Don't embroider other people's work upon your own, or you make an extinguisher to put out your own light. You can't have *all* the good qualities — the drawing of Raphael and the color of Titian! You may wish to draw like this one and paint like that one, but you can't work better than you know. So you must be content to sing your own song in your own way. Be content with one quality. I know how hard you are going to find it. Corot could not have developed himself in this country. He would have been snubbed and laughed at, and advised to paint like this one and that one, until he would have been pushed out of his own direction.

Why put a line under that eye when there is none? You put it there because you thought it ought to be there. Well, so it ought; but the maker of that cast did n't think so, so you won't have to make it. Let me tell you a secret. Don't tell anybody, but the best way to learn to draw is, *To draw only what you see!*

I lend you these heliotypes and photographs, and ask you to take as much care of them as you would of one of your own handkerchiefs that you had had washed for eight cents.

Don't try to paint better than any one else! Try to have other people paint better than you. That will help *you* to paint. We go on only by being among our superiors.

In preparing grounds to paint on, remember to paint light on dark, cold on warm, warm on cold. You want the struggle of opposites.

Nobody ever lived who began to be the colorist that Diaz was.

MME. NILSSON has signed an engagement with M. Vaucorbeil, the new Director of the Paris Opera House, for two years, beginning early next spring. She will "create" the part of *Francesca* in M. Ambroise Thomas's forthcoming opera of "*Francesca di Rimini*," and will possibly also take the principal part in M. Massenet's "*Herodias*," for which MM. Meilhac and Halévy have supplied the poem.

## Dwights Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1879.

### SAVE THE MUSIC HALL!

MUSIC, in our great cities, and just now in Boston particularly, stands in need of two things: organization, and liberal endowment on the part of men of means. Musical culture — at all events the love and taste for music, and for the higher forms of art — now interests society as never before; it is one of the great topics of the times, as every newspaper of every day will show. At the same time music, like all refining public influences, now meets an enemy more dangerous, more ruthless and destructive than it ever knew before. That enemy is the soulless, grasping, and insatiable spirit of mere money-making business, as represented by a certain restless set of men whose highest ideal of a great city is a vast wilderness of trade, a dead level of mere business streets, one like another, all monotonous, uninteresting, wearisome. No matter for that so long as there is room enough for "business." For "bees'niss is bees'niss," saith the Jew, and that is all their argument. All that there is of picturesque and charming in an old town, all that attracts the feet of travelers towards it, all its historic monuments, all its fine buildings reared in the interests of art and education, all its cheerful, wholesome, and refreshing parks and shady avenues of trees, all that a city prides itself upon and that its children love, all, in short, that makes one place different from or better than another, all its individuality, its peculiar character and glory, must be sacrificed, razed to the ground the moment any little knot of avaricious, money-making people take it into their heads that the "interests of trade" require a new street running right through the Music Hall, the Art Museum, the high school, or the venerable church which happens to stand so as to "obstruct" their hankering for an increased valuation upon their private estates. At this moment it is our beautiful and noble Boston Music Hall which is the special object of attack; but the movement, rather say the dark conspiracy, is all part and parcel of a wider and a wilder dream, which contemplates the destruction of the Common, the digging down of Beacon Hill, the robbing Boston of its lungs and breathing spaces, of all its noble institutions and buildings, of all that in any way relieves the vulgar dead monotony of trade. It would in fact obliterate all that distinctively and properly is Boston. Probably there are some native-born sons of Boston whose souls are not superior to schemes and dreams like this; but doubtless the strength of all such movements lies in the increase of population from abroad, whereby we have a majority of voters who know not Boston, who feel no interest in its preservation and its honor, and who are only drawn here as to a great market-place where they may earn a livelihood and possibly get rich.

It is true that the narrow limits of this peninsula on which our fathers built are small for the present population and its active industry and trade. But why shall a short man compete in stature with a man that is tall? Why not compete in something else, and something that is better? Why will not Boston be content with being Boston? Why not make the most of our peculiar advantages, cherish the good things we have got, and not try to be Chicago or New York? Is Florence any the less glorious because it is not so vast a city as London? Is Leipzig a less important fact of European civilization than Berlin? But to come to the immediate point.

Cincinnati appears just now to possess both the requirements which music lacks in Boston. She

has rich men who give largely of their wealth for the support of music. There music has a music hall on a grand scale given outright to music, and not likely to be floated down into the stock-market. It will probably be held in permanence sacred to the cause of music. With that hall for a nucleus and centre, the so-called "College of Music" has been successfully organized, and apparently almost the whole musical activity of Cincinnati pivots mainly upon that. This, or some such unitary, comprehensive and consistent organization, is what Boston needs for music. But music, now a more important interest than ever before, lacks the material means for further progress in this large organic sense. Worst of all, and very mortifying, it seems to lack the means of holding what it has got. We have a Music Hall, which we all fondly fancied was to be a permanent possession and stronghold of the musical art in Boston. It was built by those who intended it for that. To be sure it is private property and held in shares; but those who subscribed to its stock originally, did so for music's sake and with no expectation of reaping a pecuniary profit. But alas! the plan was faulty; it should have been a gift to art outright; there was debt incurred to make up the amount required; and so there were plenty of holes through which the Evil One, in the shape of the stock-jobber, could creep in and undermine. Its shares began by little and little to change hands; the sales were quoted in the reports current of the stock-market, with all sorts of fluctuations, and sometimes fictitious, fancy prices. In fact the Music Hall, supposing it to be a sensitive being, with a sort of moral consciousness of its own original design, almost ceased to know itself, it was so banded about in the stock market and "mixed up" with other "babes." Once, when speculating outsiders, on a "still hunt," were picking up its shares with the hope of controlling the property and converting the building to mercantile purposes, the stock went up for a brief time to a fabulous height, although the hall had never paid a dividend. In that emergency it was saved for music through the generous investment by two of its friends in its stock, to an extent which gave them a controlling interest. Both of these friends are dead, their heir has failed in business, and, although anxious to have the hall preserved, is compelled to act in the interest of creditors to whom the Music Hall, as such, is of no concern compared with the income to be derived from it, whether by selling it to the city for the extension of Hamilton Place, or by any other means. Such is the strength of the enemy that seeketh to destroy, and such the weakness of the fortress.

How can the Music Hall be saved? The danger is immediate. The thing required is that the controlling interest in its stock should pass into hands that will hold it for music and refuse to sell for any vandal purposes like that now contemplated.

It would seem, then, that the case appeals distinctly to the wealthier friends of music in our city. With them rests the responsibility of the salvation or destruction of the Music Hall. Money alone can save it. Some one true friend of music, or a number of such combined, must purchase the five hundred plus a few more of the one thousand shares of its capital stock, and refuse to sell them for the threatened Hamilton Place extension, or for anything that would divert the Hall from its original and legitimate uses. Cincinnati has her Springer and her other generous donors of the funds for her great music hall and college; has not Boston men as rich, as public spirited, as generous in a thousand ways, and some of them as deeply interested in music as an important element in social culture? Surely her "merchant princes" are proverbial for their



munificent endowment of all kinds of noble, humane, or artistic institutions. They give most freely to found professorships even in branches of learning and of science which can expect only a handful (comparatively) of students. They give for all the other arts, for art museums, sculpture galleries, schools of art; but unaccountable as it may seem, no one has yet appeared who gives a handsome sum to Music, — music, which interests the whole community, and in its taste for which, in its halls and oratorios and concerts of the highest kind, Boston so prides itself. Yet here we are reduced to the mortifying strait, that we cannot even save what we have built up, not even the place which makes grand music possible among us, for want of money enough to outbid the destroyers! We do not say that it is the best music hall conceivable; or that we do not need one or more new halls in addition to the one we have (all the more now that Tremont Temple has been burned down); but we do need this one, and in the present emergency it is all-important to our musical interests that we "hold the fortress." It would not cost a hundred thousand dollars, perhaps not half that, to secure and hold that larger half of the Music Hall stock which otherwise will join the march of the destroyers. Doubtless there are a dozen men, and more, in this city, who could do this single-handed, men who have some zeal for music. If not, let several men, and generous wealthy women, too, combine to do it. Or, were it not that the danger is so imminent, and time so short, it would seem to be an easy task to raise the required amount in single shares, widely distributed among musical people of moderate means. At all events it should be done; and these mere mercantile and selfish onslaughts upon institutions which are the ornament and pride of our good old city, should be signally rebuked.

And when this is done, when the stock of the Music Hall is once more held by the right sort of people, purely in the interests of music, then at once will vanish all those objectionable features in the administration of the Hall, which have made not a few of our most musical citizens indifferent to its preservation. Then it will no more be desecrated by dog shows, poultry shows, stupid and interminable walking matches, and even brutal and disgusting prize fights; nor will the Hall itself, directly or indirectly, compete with its own customers (musical societies who hire it) in the matter of concert giving. We want the Music Hall kept pure; we want it kept out of the stock-market; we want it held sacred to Art, unpurchasable and unassailable, as much as Harvard University, or Trinity Church, or the Art Museum, or the Capitol.

Questions of other possible and better halls, of other localities, etc., appear to us irrelevant just now. When we have saved what we have got, we may begin to think what more we might have.

These remarks perhaps require apology to many of our readers as being mostly of mere local interest, confined to Boston. But they involve principles with regard to the right organization and endowment of the public music, which are worthy of consideration in all other cities.

#### MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. LOUIS, MO., AUG. 25. — Your Chicago correspondent, in his vacation meanderings, finds himself in this old and wealthy city; and as he has enjoyed the opportunity of familiarizing himself with some of the musical affairs of the place, as well as making the acquaintance of many of the musical people, he takes the liberty of transmitting some of his reflections to the JOURNAL. The musical art often suffers in its progress in a city on account of the want of a concentration of effort on the part of those interested in it; for no matter how earnest are the individual members of the

profession, or how eager a number of musical lovers may be for good home music, yet without concerted action for the support of musical enterprises, it is impossible to advance the art to a sure position. It has been said by a wise writer on the subject of education, that to educate a person fully was simply to lift him from "a state of dependence to one which gave him the full power over his faculties and of himself." So it seems to me that every city that pretends to have a love of culture, and desires to advance the arts, must make herself independent of all other places, by supporting within her limits all those artists who can best carry out all enterprises that have this aim in view. In St. Louis I find the material for a much greater degree of advancement than is at present indicated. In the other arts much enterprise is manifested, and the Washington University, with its comprehensive views of education, has an art department that is shaping its way toward a self-supporting independence. They have fine collections of pictures, casts, and artistic treasures, while cultivated artists give instruction in all branches of this art. Yearly courses of illustrated lectures are given; and sketch clubs and other enterprises are successfully carried out for the advancement of this branch of culture. It pleased me to learn that Mr. Ives, the gentleman who is the professor of Art at the University, had arranged a number of classical recitals of piano-forte music, which were given before the students of the institution, thus signifying his love of the sister art of music.

The Beethoven Conservatory of Music is the largest institution of a musical character in this city, and it gives instruction to a large number of students. Mr. W. Melmené, the gentlemanly correspondent of many musical papers, has a music-school that is doing earnest work. Mr. Robert Goldbeck also has an institution of like character under his direction. He is also conductor of a choral organization bearing the name of the "Harmonic Society." The German Musical Club — called the Arion — is one of the largest societies that the city contains. It gives a number of concerts each season. The "Operatic Society" also gave a number of operas during the past season, all the singers being from home talent. Their performances were most highly spoken of. I have had the pleasure of hearing a large number of the home vocalists of this city, and find that it is rich in voices of a good character; and indeed some of the singers have organs that have given them a much wider reputation than comes from simple local fame.

In orchestral matters St. Louis, like Chicago, suffers, and no home organization for symphony concerts exists, although there are a number of good men with whom to form a band, should a well-directed effort be made.

In regard to the public support given to musical enterprises of a home nature I heard much complaint, and was informed that nearly every endeavor made for the advancement of oratorio, or symphony concerts, failed for want of financial aid. Yet it must not be supposed that St. Louis does not contain music-lovers, for a most appreciative audience is often assembled to give welcome to some great artist who may visit the city. Yet it seems to me that the whole matter of its want of activity in music rests mostly upon the fact that it goes outside of itself for its dependence. If the musical profession would organize with the intent of advancing their art, by the formation of societies that could give in an adequate manner symphony, oratorio, and chamber concerts, and collectively try to awaken the public to the realization that the home-talent was in earnest in its endeavors to cultivate a love for good music, I think the city would take a pride in her own, and give them of her wealth to support their undertakings. There might follow the large festivals after a season, and the city would draw from the outside world, and music-lovers would come to pay homage to the shrine of art. The dependent would find their own powers, and use them with a self-satisfying certainty. There are golden opportunities for the earnest lovers of art, if they will only concentrate their endeavors until they are stamped with a true purpose.

St. Louis is the home of Dr. W. T. Harris, the learned editor of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, and his pen has been active for music, in so thoughtful and brilliant a manner as to call the attention of the great minds of the country to new reflections upon this wonderful art. The oneness of the beautiful in all arts, the aim of all culture toward the elevation of the spirit of man to the Infinite in perfection, should so enlist the minds of all earnest thinkers everywhere, that cooperation in endeavor would win that recognition that comes from a cause that is universal in its intent to promote the true and the good. C. H. B.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., SEPT. 3. — I have been silent a long time, mainly because there has been no music here the record of which need take up the valuable space of DWIGHT'S JOURNAL. The summer concerts have had their interest, but mainly for the seeker after hot weather recreation. The programmes, however well given, have all been light, as befits the season.

But I ought not to omit recording the work of Mr. W. S. B. Mathews's Normal School at Evanston, of which I saw a good deal. It is long since I have been in such a thoroughly musical atmosphere. I found there numbers of earnest, thoughtful, enthusiastic teachers and their pupils, who had come to get what could be got out of five weeks of work, under the stimulus of excellent teaching, and of mu-

sical companionship; I found also, stimulating lectures, or rather, off-hand talks, by Mr. Mathews and others, and equally stimulating and interesting recitals of the best music, both songs and piano-forte.

There were some twenty of these recitals in all. The song recitals were given by Miss Grace A. Hiltz, of Chicago, a pupil of Mrs. Hershey-Eddy. I subjoin one of her programmes, and must express my hearty approval of the way it was sung. Miss Hiltz has evidently been thoroughly well taught; and though she has still a good deal to learn, she sang much of this programme in a way that left nothing to be desired. Her singing of the Schubert and Franz songs, was especially delightful. But see what a fine programme this is!

1. (a) "On wings of Music" . . . . . Mendelssohn.  
(b) "Zuleika" . . . . .  
(c) "Song of Spring," Op. 71, No. 2. }  
2. Five Songs, from the "Poet's Love" . . . . . Schumann.  
(a) "'T was in the lovely month of May."  
(b) "Where fall my bitter tear-drops."  
(c) "The Rose and the Lily."  
(d) "When gazing on thy beauteous eyes."  
(e) "A Young Man loves a Maiden."  
3. "Blondel's Song" . . . . . Schumann.  
4. Nine Songs . . . . . Franz.  
(a) "Dance Song in May," Op. 1, No. 6.  
(b) "In Vain," Op. 10, No. 6.  
(c) "Two Faded Roses," Op. 13, No. 1.  
(d) "May Song," Op. 33, No. 3.  
(e) "The Lotus Flower," Op. 1, No. 3.  
(f) "Rosemary," Op. 13, No. 4.  
(g) "Slumber Song," Op. 1, No. 10.  
(h) "Oh tell me is my wandering Love," Op. 40, No. 1.  
(i) "The Woods," Op. 14, No. 3.  
5. Five Songs . . . . . Schubert.  
(a) "Thou art the Rest."  
(b) "Hark! Hark the Lark."  
(c) "Faith in Spring."  
(d) "Barcarolle."  
(e) "Whither."

A good many of the piano recitals were given by Miss Lydia S. Harris, a pupil of Mr. Mathews, and a young lady who will be heard from by and by. Her most satisfactory work to me was her playing of the E-minor concerto of Chopin; a difficult work, but done so well that many artists of more pretensions need not have been ashamed to have played it as she did. There were also several pupil recitals, among which, one by a Miss Jones, a pupil of Miss E. W. Scott of Cincinnati, was especially creditable. There was also one by Miss Amy Fay, which I did not hear; one by Miss Bertha Burge, a pupil of Carl Reinecke, and an excellent pianist of the classical school, and one by Mr. Emil Liebling, a pianist, who has great execution. I ought not to omit to mention the vocal teaching and chorus directing of Mr. Wm. B. Chamberlain, a pupil of Mme. Emma Seiler, and a teacher in the Conservatory of Music of Oberlin College. So far as I can judge, his methods are thoroughly scientific, and his work is certainly effective.

Altogether, I am certain this "Normal" did a great deal of good. J. C. F.

#### NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN have the prospect of an abundant supply of Symphony Concerts, Oratorios, etc., during the coming season, according to the following schedule in the *Tribune*:—

Nothing is known as yet of what the principal compositions will consist that the different societies will select, but each announces, as is the wont of such societies, that it has important novelties for production. The concerts will be given at the usual places, the New York Philharmonic at the Academy of Music, the Symphony Society and the Oratorio Society at Steinway Hall, Mr. Carlberg's concerts at Chickering Hall, and the Brooklyn Philharmonic at the Brooklyn Academy. The Philharmonic Societies of New York and Brooklyn will be conducted by Theodore Thomas, the Symphony and Oratorio Societies by Dr. Damrosch, and the Chickering Hall Concerts by Mr. Gotthold Carlberg. The dates of the rehearsals and concerts will be as follows:—

- November 6 and 8, Symphony Society.  
13 and 15, Carlberg Concert.  
17 and 18, Brooklyn Philharmonic Society.  
21 and 22, New York Philharmonic Society.  
28 and 29, Oratorio Society.  
December 4 and 6, Symphony Society.  
11 and 13, Carlberg Concert.  
15 and 16, Brooklyn Philharmonic Society.  
19 and 20, New York Philharmonic Society.  
26 and 27, Oratorio Society.  
January 8 and 10, Carlberg Concert.  
15 and 17, Symphony Society.  
23 and 24, New York Philharmonic Society.  
29 and 30, Carlberg Concert.  
February 6 and 7, Oratorio Society.  
12 and 14, Symphony Society.  
16 and 17, Brooklyn Philharmonic Society.  
20 and 21, New York Philharmonic Society.  
26 and 28, Carlberg Society.

March 11 and 13, Symphony Society.

15 and 16, Brooklyn Philharmonic Society.

19 and 20, New York Philharmonic Society.

April 1 and 3, Symphony Society.

8 and 10, Carlberg Concert.

16 and 17, Oratorio Society.

19 and 20, Brooklyn Philharmonic Society.

23 and 24, New York Philharmonic Society.

MME. JULIA RIVÉ-KING, assisted by Mme. Anna Drasil, will give recitals in Boston and other cities this season, commencing in October.

Max Maretzek has selected the 24th of September for the initial performance of his new opera of "Sleepy Hollow" at the Academy of Music, the same date as that of the first concert of the Carlotta Patti Company.

MR. W. R. DEUTSCH, who has just arrived home from Europe, makes known the fact that he has engaged for the ensuing season a musical company composed of twenty-two persons, and styled the "Estudiantina Figaro." The English name will be "The Spanish Students." This company is, in fact, a band made up entirely of guitars and mandolins. The performance that it gives is said to be poetical, delicate, and charming, and also to be extraordinary for the attribute of unanimity. The spectator, in fact, sees these twenty-two musicians, as the poet Wordsworth saw the cattle, when he said "there are forty feeding like one." — *N. Y. Tribune.*

MISS ABIE CARRINGTON, a Boston lady, who has been singing in Milan with considerable success, was introduced a short time since to an invited audience in Boston at the rooms of Henry F. Miller. The *Transcript* says of her: "Her voice is a clear and powerful soprano, agreeable and uniform in quality, its upper notes being better developed than those of the lower register, whilst her execution, even in the most trying passages, is exceptionally fine. Her delivery is marked by earnest expression, intense dramatic feeling and distinct utterance, her attack of high notes admirable, and her intonation correct and satisfactory. Although she has yet to demonstrate her ability as a dramatic artiste, enough was shown last evening to prove that she has decided talent in that direction."

A BOSTON VOCALIST, who was especially esteemed, and valued here some few years ago on account of her musical ability, as well as for her personal character and worth — we refer to Caliste M. Huntley, now Signora Piccoli, of Milan, — will return next month to her city and home, after a twelve-years' absence. During this period she has acquired a vocal and operatic experience and recognition that are not often so well accorded to our native artists in the profession abroad. Since Miss Huntley (for so we must really recall her in remembrance) left Boston she has sung in opera and concerts, principally in Milan, but also in the chief musical cities and centres of Germany; fulfilled operatic engagements in Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Dublin, and, crossing and recrossing the Atlantic twice, made successful trips to South America, singing in opera at Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, winning in every place the best commendation for her lyric gifts and capabilities of vocal expression. Now, with a longing desire to visit her relatives and former friends, and musical companions and associates, she will return to Boston for a time. So many of our musical habitués will recollect her vocal ability in her first participation in the first Boston performance of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," under Mr. B. J. Lang's enterprise and directorship; in her subsequent accomplishment of the exacting soprano part in Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," when Mr. J. C. D. Parker first introduced it to musical Boston; and further, in her successes in a more florid and operatic school of vocalism under Signor Bendelari's practiced style and teaching, that there can be no mistake about the pleasurable interest that will be taken by musical people in the lady's presence again in her home-city, and among familiar musical scenes. — *Transcript.*

THE *New York Times* says: "New York is not likely to suffer during the coming season from a lack of pianists. In addition to the hosts of aspirants for artistic fame, and the innumerable performers of the second and third rank, whom it will hardly do to name in this connection, we are certain to have ample opportunities to hear Messrs. Franz Rummel, S. B. Mills, Max Pinner, Joseffi, Ketten, W. H. Sherwood, Mrs. Julia Rivé-King, and Mme. Teresa Careno. Miss Anna Mehlig has it in mind to revisit this city, where she formerly won both fame and money, but as yet she has not made any definite arrangement looking to this end. The announcement which has been several times made that Niclaus Rubinstein was to come to New York in the season of 1887-81 is pronounced, on good authority, to be at least premature. This famous artist cannot leave Moscow, owing to his engagement as director of the concerts of the 'Friends of Music' and at the Moscow Conservatoire."

OUR VOCAL CLUBS. — The *Herald* of last Sunday has the following: —

"The season with the Boylston Club begins on the 19th of this month. The chorus promises to be finer than that of last year, and the concerts, so far as their character has now been determined, not only more interesting, but more

important. The first concert will occur on the 14th of November. Its leading feature will be the performance, for the first time here, of Astorga's world-renowned "Stabat Mater." It is very likely that the chief objects of importance in the remaining concerts of the year will be, "By the Waters of Babylon," by the much-lamented gifted composer, Hermann Goetz; some one of the more noteworthy psalms of Orlando di Lasso; and, possibly, Max Bruch's new setting of the "Lay of the Bell." New part-songs by Rheinberger, Herberger, Rubinstein, and Raff, will make up the balance of the work. Among the novelties of the first concert will be the famous madrigal, in ten parts, by De Pearsall, entitled, "Sir Patrick Spens," a new song for the female chorus by Raff, "Now the day is at last departing," and Schubert's "Nachtheile" for the men.

The Apollo Club will, as usual, present many novelties in the way of compositions for male voices, though the selections are, as yet, undecided upon. The leading work of the year will be the "Oedipus" of Mendelssohn, which will be given complete, with orchestra and reader, for the first time in this country.

"The Cecilia will give but four concerts during the season, but they will each be of an unusually attractive character, even for this society. Some additions to the honorary membership will be made, and the music committee proposes to fully maintain the high standard of excellence reached by the members in their concerts last season."

We may add that the Cecilia sent out orders for the music of Goetz's two cantatas ("By the Waters of Babylon," and "Nenia") some months ago.

THE musical festival at Worcester, Mass., will be held this year on the 23d, 24th, 25th, and 26th of September. Gounod's "Cecilia Mass" will be given in full, and the "Messiah," besides six smaller choral selections. Henrietta Beebe, Annie Louise Cary, Ida W. Hubbell, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Jennie Sargeant, Theodore Toot, Alfred Wilkie, W. H. Beckett, Clarence King, D. M. Babcock, and many others appear.

BOSTON'S OPERATIC PROSPECTS are thus presented by the *Herald*: —

The "Home Opera Company" will open the season of this class of attractions with the "Ideal Pinafore," at the Boston Theatre, Monday, Sept. 29. The cast of last season will be presented, with slight variations, Miss Adelaide Phillips assuming the role of Buttercup, and Mr. W. H. Fessenden that of Ralph. Similar changes will be made in the cast of "Fatinizza," which follows in the engagement, and a third opera will be shortly put in rehearsal to be presented during the season. The exceptional success which attended this company's performances last season seems to warrant a belief that it will become a permanent organization, to which the musical public of this city can look for the presentation of standard operas of the lighter and more popular style. It is more than probable that, beginning the musical season in this way, this company will repeat its successes at the close of the Boston Theatre season, when musical entertainments of a light character are so popular.

The Emma Abbott English opera company begin a two weeks' season at the Park Theatre Oct. 20, opening with Masse's "Paul and Virginia," an opera which had a decided success on its production in Paris with Capoul and Mlle. Heilbron in the title roles. Here Mr. William Castle will be the Paul, and Miss Abbott the Virginia. An English version of "Carmen" will probably also be produced during the season, with Mrs. Zeld Seguin in the title part, as well as an English version of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." The troupe will include Mesdames Abbott, Marie Stone, Seguin, and Pauline Maurel, and Messrs. Tom Karl, Castle, MacDonald, Stoddard, Ryse, and Edward Seguin. Mr. Caryl Florio will be the musical director, and Messrs. Pratt and Morrissey the managers.

In the way of grand opera the probabilities point to only one season of two or four weeks, by the Mapleson company, the date being as yet undecided, though the chances are that it will follow the opening season in New York, as last year. Manager Mapleson's plans are as yet rather vaguely outlined, but should he come with even his last year's company he will receive a hearty welcome and profitable patronage from the musical public of this city. A visit from Manager Strakosch is also one of the doubtful matters as yet undecided, though the chances are that Boston will not hear his new organization during their season. The route contemplated for the company now will locate them in the Southern cities during the best part of the season North, after the Christmas holidays, and their dates until Christmas are definitely fixed in the Western cities.

NEW ARRIVALS. — Among the artists who will probably make their appearance here early in the season, we may mention a young Polish violinist, Timothée d'Adamowski, a graduate of the Warsaw Conservatory in 1874, where he took the first prize. During the last few years he has held high rank among the resident musicians in Paris, and his name frequently occurs in programmes of the best concerts there. His tastes and style are classical. He is full of youthful fervor, has a thoroughly musical temperament, and a sincere, earnest, winning manner. We have had the pleasure of hearing him in private, when he played the Mendelssohn Concerto, some of the violin solos of Bach, and a very difficult and very interesting Sonata-Duo of Grieg with Mr.

Lang. He has a large, rich tone, a remarkable legato, and he plays with fire, with pure intonation, fine execution and expression, entirely free from all the cheap tricks and false sentiment of mere concert virtuosos.

— Mme. Chatterton-Bohrer, a distinguished solo harpist, has been in Boston this week, and will probably appear in concerts here and in New York during the season. She is a daughter of the English composer and harpist, J. B. Chatterton, who succeeded Bochs as professor of the harp at the Royal Academy, and in 1844 was appointed harpist to the Queen. She has recently been giving concerts in Canada with great success. She is accompanied by her husband, a classical pianist, who is a son of Max Bohrer, the violoncello-virtuoso, who visited this country at least thirty years ago.

— Mme. Persis Bell Campanari, who will be remembered as one of the first and the most brilliant fruits of Mr. Eichberg's violin school, and who used to play the Bach *Chaconne* so well, returns to Boston concert halls as a soprano singer. Sig. Leandro Campanari accompanies his wife, and is open to engagements as solo violinist, coming indorsed by Sir Julius Benedict of London.

#### FOREIGN.

THE famous "Harmonious Blacksmith" of Handel has had numberless stories told of the origin of its name, most of which have been poetical, and all of them more or less false. The following interesting information concerning this well-known air is given by a correspondent of *The London Times*, and would seem on the face of it to be true: "The famous air in No. 5 of the 'Suites de Pièces pour le Clavecin,' was originally named 'The Harmonious Blacksmith' by Lintott, a music publisher at Bath, who, on being asked why he so called his edition of the music, replied that his father was a blacksmith, and that it was one of his favorite tunes. In 1820, one hundred years after the piece was first published, a newspaper writer of the time concocted the tale of the blacksmith's shop, and Mr. Richard Clarke was deceived by the fiction. Mr. Clarke went to Edgware, found out the descendant of Powell, the blacksmith, whose shop was near Canons Park, bought the anvil, and satisfied himself that he had verified the newspaper writer's account of an incident in Handel's life. A more absurd delusion never existed. As Schöcher, Handel's biographer, says, 'the "Harmonious Blacksmith" has been published a thousand times under that title, but Handel himself never called it so; the name is modern.' The air is found in a collection of French songs printed by one Christopher Ballard, in 1565. It is not likely that an English blacksmith ever heard it, and still less probable that Handel, with his love of finery and dignified manners, would have adopted an air heard under the circumstances believed in by Mr. Clarke."

A MUSICAL TREASURE-TROVE. — An authentic portrait of Mozart has just been made accessible to the German public by photographic multiplication. The fortunate possessor is one M. Eckert, a Berlin bandmaster, who received it as a present from his foster-father, Francis Förster, the friend and companion of the poet-soldier, Theodore Körner. Förster had obtained it from Körner's mother, whose sister, Doris Stock, was the artist. The style differs from the usual portraits of the great musician, but is far more striking and effective. The reverse bears two inscriptions. One, "Given to Förster," written by Körner's mother; and the other, "This likeness of Mozart, drawn from life by Doris Stock, in Dresden, 1787, was given to me by Theodore Körner's mother, and by me to Karl Eckert. Berlin, 22 May, 1859. F. Förster." The portrait is in crayons, a half length, in a small oval, and represents Mozart in the dress of the period, with wide collar, frill, and hair brushed back and united in the queue. The features are more finely cut than those of the usual portraits and bust, and bear a slightly hectic stamp. The nose is rather large, and, with the entire lower half of the face, somewhat prominent. The mouth has a peaceful, pleasant expression. But the impressive features are the fine and ample forehead and the enchanting eyes.

MR. HULLAH, in his report to the British Education Department on Music on the Continent, says a very unexpected thing. He is pleased with the system of teaching in Holland, and of some instances in Belgium; but as for Germany, he is of opinion that the instruction given is worse than useless, and its results absolutely nothing. In Switzerland, Mr. Hullah says, the natural aptitude for musical instruction seems low, while in Belgium, though taste and inclination both foster the study of music, the schools where it is most appreciated, are not rich enough to obtain the high instruction they deserve. Mr. Hullah is so pleased with the results of musical instruction in Holland, that it is considered probable that he will urge upon the English the adoption of a system modeled on the Dutch.

THE contra-Wagnerian movement, already powerful in Germany, has been invested with fresh force by the proposed Mozartian programme to be set forth by Herr Jauner, of Vienna. The whole of Mozart's operas are to be mounted, the Wagnerian artists are dismissed, and Mme. Pauline Lucca, Mme. Schuch-Proksa, and Mlle. Bianchi are to be retained in their stead. On the other hand, for the benefit of the tourists, the whole of the "Nibelungen Ring" is to be performed at that Wagnerian stronghold, Munich, between August 23 and 28.



